

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

A MILLION POUNDS AN OUNCE

THE MEN FROM THE SKIES TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS IN A BALLOON

Stirring Adventures in the
Frozen North

THE FIGHT THROUGH ICE AND SNOW

The quality of human daring seems beyond limitation. The other day three American naval officers mounted into an ordinary balloon, cried "Let her go"—and vanished. They rose into the air and were at the mercy of currents and temperature. They might drift to the North Pole; they might be blown to the tropics. They made a good ascent from Rockaway, near New York, in a stout balloon, with the tiniest cargo of food and comforts.

For days and days nothing was heard of them, and the world gave them up for lost. Probably at times they shared the same feeling of hopelessness, but they are alive to tell the wonderful tale. For two days and nights their fragile gas-bag was driven onward by a raging storm, and then they came down in the dense forests of Northern Ontario.

Struggling Homeward

They started with little food; they landed with less; but with that little they did a tremendous four days' tramp through snow and ice and howling wind.

Their starting point afoot was in the vicinity of Moose Factory, one of the oldest posts of the Hudson Bay Company, a site 200 miles from the nearest railway, which in winter can be reached only by a nine-days' dog-sledge journey over the snow. But the hardy sailors set their teeth, and, like Captain Scott's men in the Antarctic, "slogged on," not, as in his case, to death, but to safety.

On the way they had to eat their carrier pigeons, and one of the party became delirious through suffering. He was only saved by the heroism of a companion, Lieutenant Hinton, who took charge of the party. Hinton was the pilot of the American seaplane which flew the Atlantic, and he now showed himself to be a true hero. He discarded his own flying clothes in order that he might carry his companion's heavy outer clothes, and the marvel is that at night he did not freeze to death.

The Terrified Trapper

At last the party met an old Indian trapper, who, thinking they were ghosts, fled. But he returned and guided them to Moose Factory. They were saved, and in twenty days from the date of their flight were in touch with the outer world once more.

It is wonderful to live to recount an adventure such as this, wonderful to combine the helplessness of the old balloonists with the fiery courage of the men who first conquered these frigid winter wastes. But failure alternates

with success, tragedy with triumph. The world has not yet ceased to mourn Andrée, the brave Swedish engineer who, with two companions, set out in a balloon from Dane's Island to try his luck in sailing the skies to the North Pole.

It was a madly valiant enterprise, threatened with almost certain disaster.

But if men had waited for certainties the world and the air could never have been explored. Andrée heard the arguments against his projects, but he heeded them not. He and his two friends sailed into the air, aiming for the North Pole, nearly a quarter of a century ago, and we may never know how he was lost.

A New British Flag



A new flag has been added to the official flags of the British Empire. The Royal Air Force now has its own flag, which is here seen being hoisted for the first time over the Air Ministry in London. See page 8

DOUGLAS GOES TO THE DENTIST

A Brave Little Man

A good friend of the C.N. at Nottingham sends us a true story of a little man of four years old, which we hope our readers will not mind our telling.

Kneeling by his bed the other night, our little man began—*Give us this day our Daily Mail.*

It was only a slip, but Douglas is a merry little fellow, and the other day he went to the dentist. His mother asked him if she should sit in the room with him, but Douglas was much too proud. "No," he said. "I don't want you to sit there laughing at me; I would rather be alone." Then, when it was all over, and he had had two teeth out, Douglas left the house, indignant because the dentist wouldn't show him his pincers.

A HUMAN SPIDER AND HIS THREAD

Climbing the Eiffel Tower

People passing the Eiffel Tower the other day saw what appeared to be a huge spider dangling in mid-air, suspended from one of the platforms.

On investigation it turned out to be a human spider—an inventor giving a demonstration of a simple apparatus which enables loose ropes to be climbed with the greatest of ease. By an ingenious arrangement of pedals and balanced weights the inventor, who is still suffering from the effects of wounds received in the war, was able to climb the rope at varying speeds, besides letting go the rope with both hands and turning somersaults in mid-air. He claims that his invention will be invaluable to firemen and ships' painters. Picture on page 12

DEARER RADIUM MORE THAN A MILLION POUNDS AN OUNCE

Rarest of All Known Substances

THE TINY SPECK IN A GIANT CASKET

A wonderful discovery of radium has just been made in Madagascar, where the rocks are said to yield one gramme to every ten tons of ore.

Like most other things, radium has enormously increased in price, and to buy one gramme, which is less than the 28th part of an ounce, now costs £40,000.

This is the quantity that the Municipal Council of Paris has just decided to purchase for medical use in the city, and it is at the rate of £1,125,000 an ounce. Before the war a gramme cost £16,000.

We must remember that radium is the rarest of all known substances. While it is found everywhere in the rocks, and even in the atmosphere, yet men have been able to collect very little of it for use. All the radium available in the world for medical and other purposes is only a few ounces.

Most Poisonous Thing on Earth

The Middlesex Hospital in London has £72,500 worth, with which it has been making interesting experiments on cats, rats, rabbits, and frogs with a view to finding some way of curing cancer and similar diseases. Radium, however, is a very dangerous substance to handle.

Middlesex Hospital has altogether five grammes, the largest quantity available at any one place in the world, and the greatest care has to be exercised to protect the laboratory workers from ill effects. Patients are treated behind lead screens, and when the radium is out of use the tubes containing it are kept in a round brass box, which is placed in the centre of a cubical box of lead, each edge of which is twenty inches thick. This box weighs a ton and a half, and it, in turn, is placed in an iron safe.

The reason for all this care is that radium is not only the rarest substance on earth, but the most poisonous.

The Quest for Radium

Its rarity, and the fact that it is the most costly of all things offered for sale, have sent men all over the world searching for it as for gold, and some have lost their lives in the quest. In 1913 a British traveller who had penetrated into the interior of New Guinea in the search for radium was killed and eaten.

The energy of radium is amazing. Unlike coal and oil, it does not get used up. Thirty-two tons would keep on driving the Mauretania backwards and forwards across the Atlantic for hundreds of years, but at present prices this would cost 1,250,000 million pounds, and the annual interest alone on this sum would be about 100,000 million pounds, enough to pay for all the coal used by all the ships in the world for thousands of years to come.

QUEER FROGS COME TO TOWN

Interesting Visitors from South America

LITTLE CANNIBAL THAT PRACTISES CAMOUFLAGE

By Our Correspondent at the London Zoo

Additions to the collection of animals in the Zoological Gardens are few and far between during the winter months.

This is because the authorities take the wise course of discouraging the importation of tropical species by requesting would-be donors to keep whatever animals they may have until the spring. Nevertheless the enterprise of some keen supporters of the society leads them to chance the weather and bring along with them from abroad such specimens as they may be able to pick up.

This was the case with a consignment of ten large South American frogs, brought recently as a present to the Gardens by Messrs. Nelson & Sons, the shipowners, who described the specimens as bull frogs.

Bull frog seems to be a popular name for many of the larger species of the frog tribe; and the specimens in question turned out to be the species described in the natural histories as the horned toad, or Bantung frog. There are a great many different kinds of these creatures in the tropics which cannot be definitely identified as frogs or toads, as we understand those names. So we may call them what we like.

The Horn on the Eyelid

Some of these horned toads are a great size, measuring as much as six inches in length, and they are all rather repulsive-looking animals with bloated bodies, large heads, and huge mouths. They take their name from a sharp horny spike on the upper eyelid.

But, if you can get over this ugliness, you will be struck by the beauty of their colouring, which is made up of a patchwork of darker and lighter greens and browns, like the pattern of a carpet.

If you put one on a table he is a very conspicuous-looking object; but in his natural surroundings he is almost impossible to find, so closely do his colours harmonise with that of the grass and soil in which he hides himself.

When total concealment is impossible, owing to the scantiness or absence of grass, the toads throw lumps of earth upon their backs to aid the disguise.

They eat anything small enough to be swallowed, from beetles and mice to other frogs and toads, and they have been known to turn cannibal and devour their own kind.

They make a croaking squeak when irritated, and are apt to bite rather hard when handled.

MAN BEHIND THE SCENES

Cambridge Scholar Loved by Prince and Peasant

Often the men of greatest influence in the world are not known to the general public. It is only when they die that their story leaks out. A very striking instance has recently occurred.

Mr. James Bouchier, The Times correspondent in Bulgaria, has died, and now all the world hears that for half a generation he was the man of greatest influence in politics in the Balkan Peninsula. He gained the confidence of prince and peasant alike, and it was through his advice that the Bulgars, Serbians, and Greeks united to overthrow the power of the Turks in the peninsula.

Mr. Bouchier gained distinction as a scholar at Cambridge before he went to the Balkans, where he made his home, and became the trusted adviser of kings. Tsar Ferdinand deceived him; but the Bulgarian people revere his memory as that of their best friend.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Chautauqua : : Shah-taw-kwah
Doré : : : : : Do-ray
Orion : : : : : O-ri-on

THE NEW VICEROY

WORLD'S MOST BRILLIANT DIGNITARY

Jewish Ruler for India's Millions

LORD READING'S HARD TASK

The wonderful Hebrew race has of late been rightly winning its way to new honours, particularly in the East, its ancient home.



Lord Reading

The reforms that have been planned in India for giving the people of the country a larger share in its government have been introduced by Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State for that great Dependency. The settle-

ment of Palestine as a State, growing into self-government under the mandatory supervision of Great Britain, is being controlled by Mr. Herbert Samuel, as High Commissioner.

Both these gentlemen, busy with the affairs of the East, belong to the Hebrew race. And now Lord Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, has accepted the great, responsible, and difficult position of Viceroy of India; and Lord Reading, known in his earlier days as Mr. Rufus Isaacs, is also a member of the same clever and vigorous race. The wonderful British Empire gives scope and opportunity to men of all races.

Though the kinsmen of Abraham and Moses and Jesus have long been scattered over the earth, without a land of their own, they have made their influence felt everywhere, and as freedom spreads, and equal chances of distinction come to all men, that influence will greatly increase.

What India Needs

But only once before has as great an honour fallen to a man of Jewish origin as that which crowns the career of Lord Reading. The Premiership of Great Britain, attained by Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, surpassed even the splendour of an Indian Viceroy, who rules as deputy over the second most populous land on the earth.

From the point of view of pageantry, or gorgeous show, the Viceroy is perhaps the world's most brilliant personage. And now India has reached a stage in its history when it is necessary that the Viceroy should be far more than a dignified figure, appealing to the imagination of people of Eastern birth.

He must be a man of strong character, with wide knowledge and a rich vein of sympathetic understanding; for the fitting of the ill-educated Indian races with a sound system of self-government will need infinite wisdom and patience.

Right Man for the Right Place

All round it is felt that Lord Reading is singularly suited for the task. Though it has been customary when a man has risen to be an English judge that he should remain a judge, Lord Reading has been called again and again from the legal judgment seat to undertake special missions of a delicate nature abroad, and he has always succeeded, and has left behind him friendship and admiration wherever he has passed.

In that way he has won the right to be asked to take up perhaps the greatest and most difficult task in the government of the world—the rule of India in a period of transition. Thoughtful people are grateful to him for accepting the duty, and hope and believe he will add to the greatness of his service as an Englishman, and impart a fresh lustre to the ancient race from which he is proud to have sprung.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Over a million and a half people visited the London Zoo last year.

A woman walked Bristol streets recently with a tame fox as a companion.

A hippopotamus performing at a circus in London is insured for £10,000.

The Bishop of Birmingham has visited the deepest part of his diocese by going down a coal-mine.

During a gale a wave washed five men off a Hull trawler into the sea. The next wave washed three back again.

The founder of the Crutch and Kindness League, Rev. J. Reid Howatt, lately died sitting in a chair at Penrith.

A Remarkable Feat

In a competition at Walsall the winner, a woman, succeeded in lighting 103 candles with one safety match.

Round the World on a Bicycle

A Swiss has just arrived in Paris after travelling round the world on a bicycle. He covered 35,000 miles, and took seven years.

Her Property

A woman complained to a Tottenham magistrate that a neighbour had damaged her property. "What property?" was asked. "My face," said the woman.

A Thing that Must Be Ended

It has been officially reported that in 1917 a million children were so ill mentally and bodily in our schools as to be unable to benefit by education.

Age of a Dog

In comment on our statement that the average life of dogs is about 12 years, an Irish reader says he has an Irish terrier 18 years old, which has never slept in a dwelling-house.

Bird Versus Fish

A thrilling fight between a large pike and a heron took place in a Kentish lake. The pike was in shallow water when the heron attacked, but the bird was driven off, although the fish was left in a dying condition.

The Poor Law

The number of people in England and Wales receiving Poor Law relief is one in 65 of the population. On New Year's Day in 1919 the total number was 576,418, or nearly one quarter less than on New Year's Day 1914.

A Monster Bill

A Bill presented to Parliament on behalf of the Liverpool Corporation to establish a new code of municipal law for the city contains a quarter of a million words, printed on 600 foolscap pages, and is the biggest Bill ever presented to Parliament.

Lost in the Skies

The pilot of a Handley-Page aeroplane the other day, finding himself lost in a snowstorm and then running into a fog, lost all idea of his whereabouts. He took up his wireless telephone, got in touch with the aerodrome, and was directed by wireless to a safe landing.

Nine Days on a Burning Ship at Sea

When the cargo steamer Navarino was eight days out from New York a fire was discovered in the cargo which burned till the ship reached Queens-town nine days later. Although powerful fire-fighting apparatus was then got to work, the cargo continued to burn for several more days.

Matriculating at Thirteen

The two C.N. boys matriculating at 14 are not the youngest, after all. Now a London reader, Jack Cohen, proves to have matriculated last June at the Whitechapel Foundation School when he was still within three months of being 14. Jack loves the C.N. and My Magazine, and we send him our greetings as surely the youngest boy in all England to pass his matric.

GIANTS AND FAYS OF SPACE

The Earth's Little Sisters

QUEER WATCHMEN OF THE SKIES

With reference to the fact that the beautiful constellation of Orion is now very conspicuous, as mentioned in last week's C.N., the announcement of the perfecting of a device for measuring the stars is of great interest, as it was first used in connection with this constellation.

At a meeting of the American Physical Society, Professor Albert Michelson, inventor of the new apparatus, told a gathering of learned men that he had succeeded in measuring Alpha Orionis, which is the first star in the Belt of Orion, and had found that this star has a diameter of 260,000,000 miles, which is more than 32,000 times that of our earth.

Huge as is Alpha Orionis, it is considered likely that there are other celestial bodies whose magnitude is still greater.

At the opposite extreme there are countless other heavenly bodies of a size so small in comparison as to be scarcely noticeable, and yet each has a definite course to pursue.

The Little Planets

In our own Solar System, for instance, more than 1000 of these small bodies are known—the Earth's little sisters, as we may call them. These are the Planets, or little planets, and it is said that the orbits of these minor planets are so intertwined and entangled that if they were material rings they could all be suspended by taking up any one at random.

Professor James Watson of Michigan University, who himself discovered twenty-nine of them, made provision in his will for the planets discovered by him to be supervised, that they might never be lost again; so that there are actually men whose business it is to watch these small worlds—surely the oddest sort of watchmen anywhere.

An entertaining story of the discovery of many of these small planets and their journey through the heavens is told in My Magazine, the C.N. monthly, for February, now lying on the bookstalls.

GRUFF OLD DR. JOHNSON

New Light on His Family

Gruff old Dr. Johnson was always in his gruffest mood when he talked of his family. So the rumour has gone round that he came from very humble stock.

Now, however, the discovery has been made that the grumpy doctor was descended from a genteel family, who had been booksellers from his grandfather's time, and who were yeomen before that.

This discovery is trumpeted abroad as an "astounding revelation," and the doctor is being placed on a pedestal as a genuine middle-class person. But while it is interesting to know more about that fine, honest man's ancestors, are not raptures about his proved respectability particularly out of place?

It was just this form of snobbery that Johnson resented. "A man's a man for a' that" was his feeling, and we can imagine how impatiently he would snort at all attempts to endow him with special gentility.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the C.N., having been ordered abroad for a rest, will not be able to answer letters for some time; and readers are particularly requested not to send cheques or postal orders made out to Mr. Mee. All money should be sent direct to the publisher, and cheques and orders should be made out to the Amalgamated Press, Ltd.

DUCKS THAT QUACKED IN THE NIGHT

ENGLISH BIRDS IMITATE
THE GEESE OF ROME

A Balloon in a Rookery

WARNINGS GIVEN BY
FEATHERED WATCHDOGS

The other day the young son of a magistrate at Petersfield in Hampshire was aroused in the night by the loud quacking of his father's ducks.

The birds continued calling without cessation, and at last the awakened youth went downstairs in his night clothes to discover the cause of the clamour. He was just in time to see a man leave the house by an open window and ride off on a bicycle.

The plucky youth, Mr. C. E. Matthews, lost no time in hesitation, but, taking another bicycle, he set off in his pyjamas in pursuit of the burglar, whom he was gradually overtaking when the thief's machine skidded. The man fell, and Mr. Matthews was able to seize him; but in the confusion he lost his hold, and eventually the burglar escaped.

The Wise Geese

The ducks of Petersfield which gave such timely warning to their owner were closely imitating the famous geese of the Capitol at Rome. In the fourth century B.C., when the Gauls were besieging the Capitol, these warriors attempted one night to surprise the garrison by climbing up the almost inaccessible rock on which the Capitol was built. So secure did the Romans consider themselves in this fastness that they failed to keep a proper guard, and the Gauls reached the summit undetected.

But in a temple near the walls were kept some geese sacred to the goddess Juno, and these birds, being disturbed, set up such a cackling that they woke Manlius, a gallant Roman, who rushed out to see what was the matter.

Unlucky Invaders

His amazement was great when he discovered a powerful Gaul coming over the wall at the top of the rock. Shouting to his comrades to follow him, Manlius rushed at the Gaul and sent him hurtling down the precipice. It was a bad thing for the Gauls. The tumbling warrior carried others with him, and in the confusion the Romans had time to run up, drive off the invaders, and save their Capitol. But it was the geese, now immortal in history, that were the real saviours of the Capitol.

Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, the famous airman, once had an exciting and amusing experience, his unexpected visit to a house in the middle of the night being loudly announced by rooks.

A Surprise Visit at Night

Descending in a balloon at two o'clock one morning, his great, unwieldy gas-bag came down on top of a rookery, close to the windows of a house. The astonished and alarmed birds set up such a deafening clamour that the inmates of the house were aroused. A bedroom window opened, and a man put out his head. Judge of his surprise when he saw visitors sitting in the top of his tree with an enormous balloon towering above them!

"Goodness gracious!" he cried.

"Who are you?"

"Balloonists resting," was the reply.

"Where are we?"

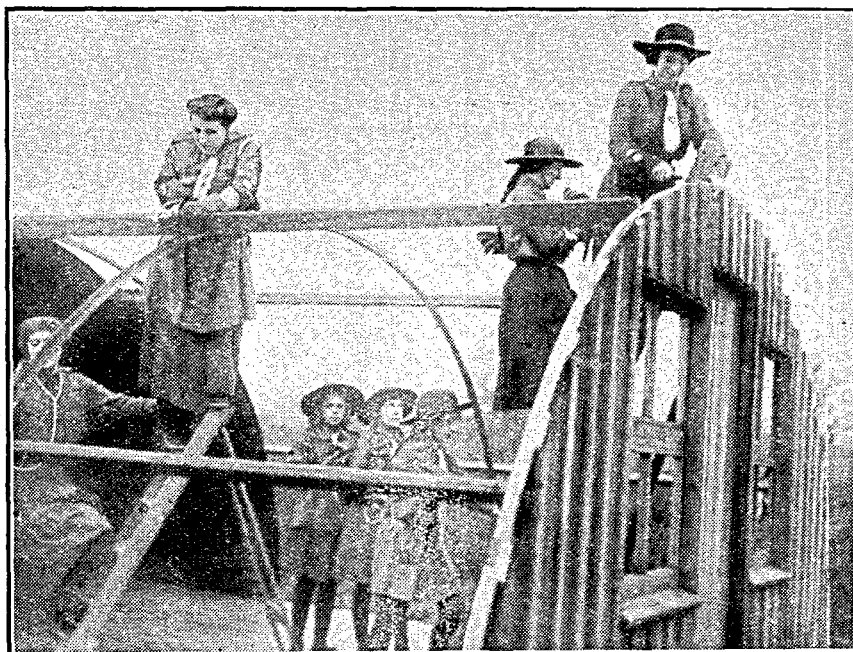
"Twelve miles from Brighton, going south. Are you stuck?"

"Oh, no; we're very happy. You don't mind our sitting on top of your tree, do you?"

"Not at all. Good-night!" And the window closed and the house was once again in quietness.

But it was a long time before the birds stopped their frantic cawing and the rookery settled down to rest.

GUIDES SOLVE THE LABOUR PROBLEM



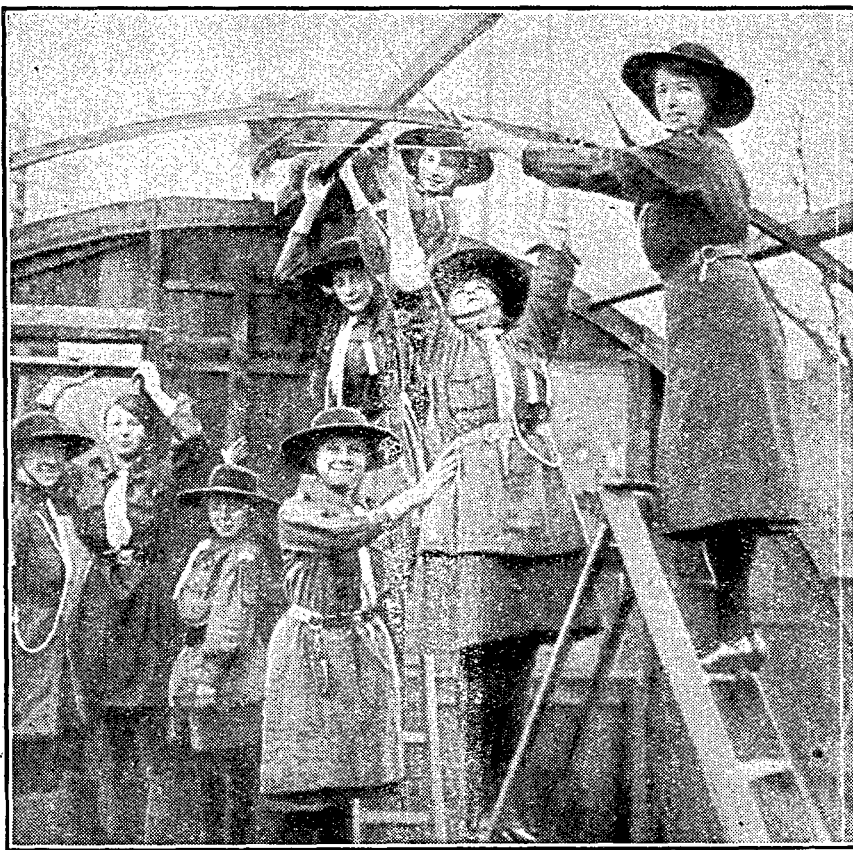
Putting up the framework and walls



Carrying a sheet of corrugated iron for the roof



Fixing the main support of the roof



Getting ready to cover the framework of the roof

There is not much useful work that Girl Guides cannot do, and this splendid troop at Byfleet, finding that the shortage of builders might delay the erection of their headquarters, pluckily set to work and put up the building themselves

BOB CRATCHIT AND HIS CHICKENS

AND BILL WITH HIS NINE
BAIRNS

A Tale It Is Never Too Late
To Tell

HOW THE POOR HELP THE POOR

Christmas is over and gone, but is it ever too late to tell a true story like this, which has reached the C.N. from one of its readers?

There is in London a poor barber's assistant who, after five years in the army, has settled with his wife and family in London, turning his back on his native Lancashire.

He is a humble, honest fellow, a real-life Bob Cratchit, but with a heavy Lancashire accent. His pride is—poultry, which, in the Lancashire way, he pronounces "poult-three." This shaving and shearing Bob Cratchit believes he knows more about "poult-three" than any other man living, and he has a theory for developing a strain of birds which will weigh even pounds, and produce 300 eggs a year.

Three Cockerels

Bob Cratchit paid special attention to three Rhode Island cockerels, for which he had three special rôles. There was one weighing 6½ pounds.

"That's for feyther and moother oop i' Lancasha," he told his wife; and she agreed. There was one of six pounds. "That's for thee and me anth' bairns," he continued, and again the wife agreed, even more cheerfully. "Th' oother, weighing 5½ pound, which doesn't coom oop to my standard, we'll hev for Soonday," he added; and a third time the lass of Lancashire endorsed the decision of her spouse.

That was the plan, and so it stood until the Friday night, when tired Bob Cratchit returned from work, prepared to sacrifice the Rhode Islanders. But his wife detained him.

Bob's Sunday Dinner

"Bob," she said, "thou knows Bill Howarth? Yes? Well, his missus has been in to see me. Bill, after all his illness, has had another attack—malaria they call it—and has been off work a week, and his bosses have putten a new man on his job, and they say they'll not want him again."

"Ee, but that's bad," said Bob Cratchit.

His wife said to Bob Cratchit: "Lad, it's terrible strange that thee and me have three cockerels waiting to be eaten and Bill and his missus have got nothing. Terrible strange, lad, for Bill and his missus have got nine bairns."

"Now, then, I'll tell thee soomthing, lass," replied Bob Cratchit. "We were going to hev a bit of pork with the cockerel for Soonday. Doan't you think that if we hev the pork for Soonday we shall enjoy toother cockerel better on Christmas Day?"

"I've allus told thee that you could hev too mooch of a good thing," retorted Mrs. Cratchit.

The Family Bird

"Varra weel, then," Bob went on. "Yon bird as weighs 6½ pound is really a bit more than me feyther and moother can tackle. It's just the soort o' bird for Bill and his lads and lassies. I allus said I could produce a family bird, and now's our chance to try it on Bill's table."

So the barber's assistant and his family had boiled salt pork on the Sunday; the six pound bird went to "feyther and moother" in Lancashire; the 5½ pound bird came to Bob's table, but the pride of Bob's life, his 6½ pound bird, "only four ounces short of the ideal, sir"—that formed the Christmas dinner of Bill Howarth, his wife, and their "nine yearning bairns."

And the best of it is that it is all true—all except the names, for our Bob Cratchit is a modest fellow.

THE COLOUR FILM

A BIT OF SCIENCE YOU CAN TRY AT HOME

Remarkable Facts About a Soap Bubble

EXPERIMENT FOR ALL

If we had never seen so apparently trivial a thing as a soap-bubble, how would the first sight of that exquisitely coloured structure impress us? Should we not ask in astonishment what gave the gossamer film its glorious colours?

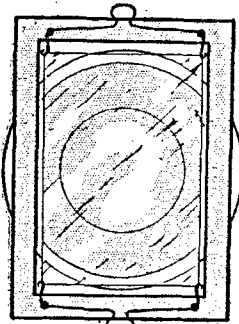
It is a popular misconception that the soap is responsible for the colours, but this is not so, for the thinness of the film is alone responsible for the showing of the colours, by virtue of its being thin enough to intercept and break up waves of light.

Waves of Light

Daylight, transmitted in a wave-motion from the sun through ether, or space, to the earth, is composed of all the colours we know in different proportions, each one having its own individual wave length. Red, for instance, has 40,000 waves to an inch, and violet 60,000. We may, therefore, understand that if these waves meet a film considerably thinner than their own length—and a soap film may be 160,000th of an inch in thickness—they will be intercepted, and their effect destroyed. Now, if one or any of the colours that go to make up white light is destroyed, those left make up the balance, or what are called the complementary colours, which can be seen on the film in such beautiful brightness.

This can be easily seen if the film is held slanting in a still atmosphere.

Colourless at first, it will become slowly transformed into bars of lovely colour as gravity compels a thickening in the substance of the film towards the bottom, and the whole surface becomes one of finely graduated thickness. The



The Apparatus

The different waves of light are thus intercepted at various parts of the film, and the complementary colours, by reflection, are visible to the eye with entrancing effect.

The first consideration in the making of a film is the solution. This must be pure and free from dust and sediment. Into a cup nearly full of hot water put a heaped-up tablespoonful of lumps of gum arabic, which is obtainable from a chemist. Stir this until it dissolves. Cut one square inch of soap into small shavings, and dissolve these in another cupful of hot water. Mix the two together in a jar or a bottle, and add two tablespoonfuls of glycerine.

Whirling Pools of Brightness

Now make a wooden frame about seven inches by five, and one inch deep. At the inner corners drive in small brass nails. Bend two hairpins, or two pieces of brass wire which does not easily rust, so that they fit over the nails. Turn up the ends of these into small rings, and through these rings put an ordinary elastic band. A saucer will do for holding the solution.

Pour out some of the solution, immerse the elastic band by means of the wire-holders, stretch it out and secure it over the nail heads. There you have your film ready.

The only accessory now required is a thin metal tube which will serve as a blowpipe. The frame should be held in a position where there is plenty of light. Draughts must be avoided. The film should be slanting downwards.

Look upon it at an angle of about 45 degrees, and in a few moments the

Continued in the next column

NEW WONDERS OF PLANT LIFE

Seeds Put to Sleep by Gas CUCUMBERS THAT NEED NO REST

Scientific men are now constantly busy with experiments for increasing the growth of plant life, to make larger crops of the food of man and beast. The experimental farm at Rothamstead, in Herts, is the chief centre of this interesting work.

One department studies the destruction of things that destroy plant life, so as to save the crops. Thus, one inquiry is seeking for ways of preventing the spread of green blight.

The effects of different gases on plants are studied. It has been found that seeds can be put to sleep by the use of gas and prevented from germinating. On the other hand, cucumbers can be made to grow without any rest by keeping them exposed to electric light.

Electricity can be spread through thin wires, stretched over a crop of corn, and the crop may be increased by an amount varying from one-third to one-half of what would be grown under natural conditions.

The use of electricity for this purpose has, however, to be regulated skilfully, or growth may be retarded.

WHAT IS A TREE?

The Stick Stuck in the Ground

Speaking at the City Temple Literary Society in London the other day on the subject of Vision, Dr. Greville MacDonald gave examples of the different ways of looking at a thing. Describing a tree, he said, a child wrote that it was "a lot of sticks stuck on another stick, stuck in the ground, and it has got roots like wormy sticks that hold it in the ground, and leaves never stick on in the winter."

The lecturer then quoted a scholarly definition from a dictionary, and declared that it did not advance much on the child's description.

QUEER FOSTER-MOTHER Dog that Nursed the Chickens

A Middlesex schoolgirl tells how a dog acted as foster-mother to a brood of chickens. We once had a sitting hen that died, though the chicks came out of their shells. The young chicks were brought up to our house and laid in a basket.

Somehow our dog, who was lying by the fire, took the chicks from the basket, lay down with them, and snuggled them up to her. After that she always would have them with her, and was like a mother to them.

PASSING OF THE HORSE-SHOE

Following the Tinder-Box

As modern roads are being made smooth for motor traffic with soft wheels, the old kind of horse-shoe is unsuitable. It is too slippery, and also it destroys the road. Experiments are being made with new horse-shoe designs.

This is only another instance of the passing away of old and well-tried friends, for the iron horse-shoe has been with us for at least fourteen centuries, and has served us and our horses well. Soon it will be as much a thing of the past as the once familiar tinder-box.

Continued from the previous column

bars of colour will appear. By blowing gently through the pipe on one spot of surface wonderful effects will be obtained, owing to the varying thicknesses of the film. A state of commotion will be set up, and the colours will intermingle with surpassing beauty, whirling and floating in pools of great brightness.

The same solution will serve for making bubbles of extraordinary strength, which will keep for a whole day, or longer, and can be rolled along a plush tablecloth or caught gently in the hand.

INFINITE PATIENCE

AND WASTED INGENUITY

Poems and Portraits Inscribed on Seed and Grain

REMARKABLE PORTRAIT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

A man in Philadelphia has carved a spider on one side of a mustard seed and an elephant on the other, and claims the championship of the world for minute inscriptions.

If the records of the past are any guide it is not unlikely in this age of powerful lenses and fine tools that the record might easily be beaten. Long ago a man achieved a certain sort of fame by writing a verse of Homer on a grain of millet; another wrote a verse in letters of gold and enclosed it in the rind of a grain of corn.

But that is only the work of a short time thrown off in a fit of enthusiasm for the tiny by a trifier. What of the man who does this thing with the foolish ardour of incurable devotion? Peter Bales, a scholar of Queen Elizabeth's time, lives in the Harleian Manuscripts at Oxford for having written the Bible in so small a hand that it was enclosed in a walnut. "The nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in his little book as in the great Bible, and he hath written as much on one of his little leaves as on a great leaf of the Bible."

Iliad in a Nutshell

The British Museum possesses a portrait of Queen Anne not much above the size of a hand, on which appear what seem to be a number of scratches. The scratches when magnified prove to be the entire contents of a book carried in the queen's hand.

One of the legends of antiquity credits a man known to Cicero with having put the Iliad of Homer into a nutshell. When the legend was 1700 years old Huet, the great French scholar, tested it to amuse his pupil, the French heir.

He took a piece of firm but pliant paper, ten inches long and eight wide. By writing tiny characters with a fine pen he found that he could get 30 verses of the Iliad into a line and 250 lines to the page, 7500 verses in all. Thus, by using both sides of the paper, he could write 15,000 verses on it, the number composing the Iliad. The paper when folded up fitted into a walnut shell, and so the possibility of the feat of Cicero's friend was proved.

The Iliad may have been put into a nutshell when Caesar was alive, 20 centuries before the man and the mustard seed of Philadelphia were born.

TAXING THE INVALID

Revenue from the Bath Chair

One of the most widely-paid taxes that is least grumbled at is that levied on tickets for entertainments. The collectors of the tax have found some curious ways of increasing it. One is the case of the person who is so unfortunate as to have to be moved in a bath chair. If the invalid attending a pier concert sits in his bath chair during the performance, he may be charged the entertainment tax on the hire of the bath chair for the time the band was playing.

But, presumably, he may not be charged on the cost of the services of the man who pushes the chair. And what would the collector of the tax do if the chair belonged to the invalid visitor and was not hired?

WISE RULE FOR THE GENERAL GOOD

Norbiton has got into the newspapers through the parents of a few children objecting to a school-rule that girls' hair should be "done up" while in school in a neat and tidy way.

But a rule against straggling hair is good for all. Cleanliness suggests it, and a wise care for all would make people fall in with the rule as a sensible thing.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

ARTIST WHO MADE A FORTUNE

Discoverer of Vaccination

FAMOUS COMPOSER WHO DIED A PAUPER

Jan. 23. Gustave Doré died in Paris 1833
24. Schleswig-Holstein annexed by Prussia . 1837
25. Robert Burns born at Alloway 1759
26. Dr. Jenner died at Berkeley 1823
27. Mozart born at Salzburg 1756
28. Paris surrendered to the Germans . . . 1871
29. Swedenborg born at Stockholm 1683

Gustave Doré

FORTY-FIVE years ago Gustave Doré was probably the most popular artist in the world. When he died, at the age of 51, he had made more than a quarter of a million pounds by his drawings.

Everybody went to a gallery of his paintings in London to see his great canvas, 30 feet by 20 feet, Christ Leaving the Pretorium; and his black-and-white illustrations of Milton's Paradise Lost, Dante's Divine Comedy, Cervantes' Don Quixote, and the Bible were bought, in parts, in tens of thousands of British homes.

But art critics foretold that his popularity would not be lasting, though in his illustrations he displayed a weird, melodramatic imagination. The prophecy has proved true. Doré's production of drawings was too immense to be choice, but he had a great immediate success.

Dr. Jenner

DR. EDWARD JENNER, the great discoverer of the value of vaccination, was a Gloucestershire man, born at Berkeley, where his father was the vicar. In Berkeley he lived nearly all his life, though often a visitor to London to see that his discovery had fair play, and in Berkeley he died.

Vaccination for smallpox began on May 14, 1796, when a boy eight years old, named James Phipps, was inoculated by Jenner. Since then it has saved millions of lives, and probably no other English doctor has had such a wide fame throughout the world.

It is recorded of Napoleon that when he received a petition for the release of certain British prisoners of war he was about to throw it aside when the name of Jenner was pointed out to him; whereupon he at once granted the petition, adding, "I cannot refuse him anything."

Yet Jenner passed his life in the midst of jealousy and disputes from lesser doctors whose names are forgotten. Now science everywhere acclaims him as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Mozart

WOLFGANG MOZART, one of the greatest of the world's composers of music, was the son of an Austrian musician, Leopold Mozart, who trained the boy and his sister Marianne from their earliest youth. The boy performed in public when he was six years old, and by the time he was eight had arrived in England, after touring the Continent.

He learned to compose while he learned to play. His instruments were the piano, violin, and organ, and he could play anything at sight, however difficult. His compositions were accepted as fine music while he was quite a child.

At the age of 14 he heard at Easter the music in the Sistine Chapel in Rome which no one was allowed to copy. It was for two choirs of nine voices. After listening to it once Mozart went away and wrote out all the parts perfectly from memory.

Mozart's powers as a maker of music strengthened throughout his life, and he excelled alike in sacred music, opera, songs, symphonies, and orchestration. Yet all his life he was poor—partly because he could not manage money. So he was never in a position of ease and independence, and when he died in Vienna, during an epidemic of typhus fever, he was buried in a pauper's grave that could not afterwards be found.

HOW TO READ THE C.N. MAPS—UNIQUE RECORD IN JOURNALISM & EDUCATION

ONE of the most notable features of the C.N. is the picture-news map of the world, which shows natural and national events happening week by week.

It is the first time that such a map has been attempted, and the value of it is proved by the appreciative letters from readers in all parts of the world.

On the 52 maps that have appeared during the past twelve months there have been portrayed something like fifteen hundred features, and in each case the event is shown at or near the place where it occurred.

A set of these C.N. maps for a year forms a valuable pictorial record of physical geography such as can be found nowhere else. For instance, the gradual extension or reduction of the great Arctic ice cap on top of the world can be traced by watching the maps, where the ice is shown creeping farther south as winter approaches, and shrinking farther north as summer comes over the northern half of the world.

The Great Ice Cap

At the same time we can watch the changes in the strangely irregular line north of which it is always freezing. This is the line which joins up all places with a temperature of 32° degrees Fahrenheit, the freezing point of water, and it is interesting to watch it through the year, and to notice that, while it comes far south in America and on the Continent of Europe, stretching even to the Caspian Sea on a level with sunny Spain, it remains always north of the British Isles, which are wrapped round by the warm Gulf Stream as with a blanket. One of the C.N. maps showed in detail why the climate of Britain is so much more equable than that of Canada and Russia.

Another interesting line appearing from time to time is that showing the limit of snowfall, which, like the freezing line, winds about a good deal. It must

be understood that this refers to snow-fall at sea level.

Then it is interesting to watch from week to week how the belt within which the sun is shining directly overhead travels from north to south for one half of the year, and from south to north for the other half. It may seem strange, when studying the monthly weather maps, to find that the hottest areas of the world are not always on this belt. The reason for that is that so many things modify climate. Winds and rains may cool an area on which the sun is shining directly, while a particular kind of ground may increase the temperature of a region by absorbing and radiating an excessive amount of sunshine.

Line of the Arctic Night

Similarly the coldest areas as shown by the maps are not necessarily farthest north or south. Cold winds and the absence of warm ocean currents lower a region's temperature.

Another feature that should be watched regularly is the line of the Arctic night, which comes farther and farther south till midwinter, and then recedes north again until it disappears from the map altogether and a new feature takes its place—the line north of which the sun is seen shining at midnight. These changes from 24 hours of darkness to 24 hours of daylight are caused by the tilt of the earth, and whether the line of the Arctic night or the line of the midnight sun appears on the map depends upon whether the top of the world is tilted toward or away from the sun.

In the weather maps the various kinds of climate often overlap, the wettest area sometimes including part of the sunniest, and so on. By following the long wavy arrows on these maps we can see the direction in which the storms generally travel.

Many other lines are shown from time to time, such as the northern limit of the trees. A line of this kind does not mean that no trees grow north of it, but that beyond it the trees do not attain their normal growth. For example, willows grow in Greenland, far north of the tree limit, but they are stunted bushes.

Similarly with the animal lines, when a line is given like that for the tiger, and the statement is made that "there are no tigers outside this line," it means that tigers are not generally and permanently found beyond the line. Occasionally, of course, they wander outside, as when from time to time in winter tigers cross the ice bridge from Siberia into Sakhalin.

Among the interesting features shown on the map from time to time are the date line, where men have agreed to reckon the day as beginning; the heat equator, or line joining up the hottest places on the globe; the eclipse belts, or areas over which particular eclipses are to be seen; new discoveries of natural resources, such as coal and oil; the Southern icefield; ocean currents; migration routes; wireless routes; flying tracks; caravan routes; coaling stations; harvests; and new frontiers.

Where the Day Begins

A regular feature of the C.N. maps is the row of clocks along the top, which indicate the time at places underneath when it is noon at Greenwich. By means of these we can tell approximately what time it is at any place in the world. Places east of Greenwich, on the right of the map, are later than Greenwich time; places west are earlier.

The birth and death places of men and women mentioned in the Week in History column are marked on the maps, and portraits of some of them are given; while among other things shown during the year have been the homes of the fur animals, the method of trapping them, the kinds of houses people live in, and the dress they wear.

By means of these maps we are able to grip intelligently such facts as the chaotic distribution of coal at the present time. To know that Norway is buying coal from Australia, and New Zealand from South Africa, conveys little, but when we see by lines on the map the enormous distances over which the coal travels, we can understand the foolish waste of transport.

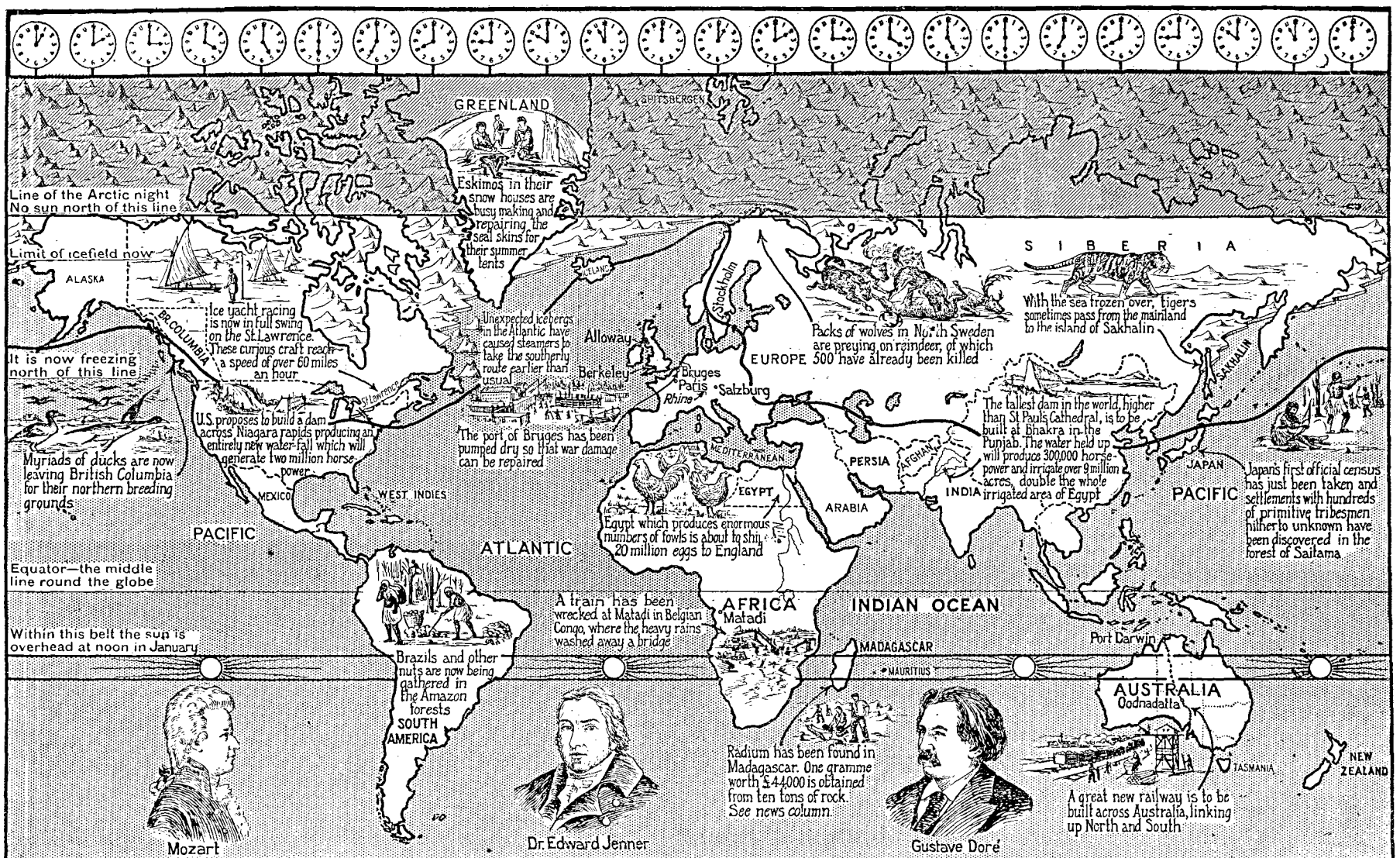
But perhaps the most interesting thing in connection with the C.N. maps is that they enable us to follow week by week the life of such little-known countries as Greenland and Siberia.

The World Spread Flat

Take Greenland. Most people think it is a great mass of ice, with a few wandering Eskimos who exist by living on seals and whales; but, as a matter of fact, Greenland has a population of over ten thousand; it is divided into ten provinces, each with a capital and a Danish governor; and there is a newspaper printed there in the Eskimo language. By watching the maps we see when berries ripen there, when Polar bears hibernate, when seals are caught, when birds come and go, and when the auroras are most brilliant. The C.N. maps have made it possible for us to visualise the life of the inhabitants of this part of the world.

It must be remembered in looking at the C.N. maps of the world that they are on Mercator's Projection, which distorts the north and south very much, making them appear much larger than they are. Greenland, for instance, looks as large as Africa, whereas it is really only about a third the size of India or a half of Arabia.

Then it must also be remembered that the extreme left, or west, of the flat map should really join the extreme right, or east. Alaska, on the left, looks an enormous distance from Kamchatka on the right, whereas, of course, they nearly touch.



PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING NATURAL AND OTHER EVENTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 22 1921

Rewards and Punishments

MARTIN LUTHER tells us he was once terribly flogged by his mother "for having stolen a miserable nut." In later days we have this record of childhood written by Lady Tennyson:

If we were too merry and noisy in the mornings we were summoned by my Aunt Betsy to hold out our small hands for stripes from a certain little riding-whip; or if our needlework was not well done we had our fingers pricked with a needle.

This is terrible enough, but listen. The grim aunt set these three children stoning raisins one day "to keep them quiet," and little Emily, the future Lady Tennyson, indignantly threw her raisins over the edge of the bowl.

Forthwith my aunt caught me up and banged my head against the door of our old wainscoted room until I called out for my father, crying "Murder," when he rushed in and saved me.

Punishment of this kind has gone out of fashion now; what was common then seems to us brutality, and we go even farther—we try to do away with all forms of punishment. The very word punishment has become unpopular because we think it is better to lead, to guide, to reason, than to punish.

We run, however, one great danger in following this better road. We forget that there is definitely in the scheme of Nature the weapon of punishment. We must suffer for wrong-doing.

Let a man drink too much, and he is punished body and soul. Let a man think only of money, and he is punished by a hard mind and a loveless heart. Nature is full of glorious rewards and terrible punishments. Look at the punishment of pride and arrogance in the Kaiser; look at the reward of love, hard work, and self-sacrifice in the smile of any good mother.

We must not want heaven for its rewards; but the rewards will be there. We must not be frightened into love of God by the fear of suffering if we do not, but the suffering is a fact. The wages of sin is death.

Our characters can only reach their highest and best if we love right because it is right, and hate wrong because it is wrong.

But do not let us ignore the tremendous fact that Nature does work by rewards and punishments.

Evil is growing bold in these days because so few teachers have the courage to warn the world of its consequences. Evil and the suffering that comes in its train are great facts of life. If the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, so is the Kingdom of Evil, too.

We are not doing our duty if we do not remember the great truth that wrong-doing brings pain and punishment in its train.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Slang

SPEECH, one of the great achievements of the human race, is also a chief exercise of the mind. It helps us to think as well as to form our ideas. It does for the mind what physical exercise does for the body.

Slang, then, is not merely vulgar, but dangerous. It encourages mental laziness. It makes for shoddy thinking. It is the confession of a slipshod mind.

People who use slang habitually are never original, never real. They do not think for themselves. Their inmost thoughts, like their speech, are second-hand. They are monotonous gramophones.

The art of speech is to avoid both slang and pedantry. Conversation is the conveyance of news or ideas in simple language stamped with a certain force of individual character.

"Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, that defileth a man."

The Simple Things

WE all hope we shall like the new President of America; he begins well by saying that what the world wants most of all today is sanity, clear thinking, honesty, cooperation, and commonsense. The whole happiness of the country would benefit, says Mr. Harding, if the United States became "a simple-living people once again."

Is that not what all of us want? We have our great powers of science, we have our stupendous industries, we have our wide territories; we are rich in material things, often beyond our dreams; but have we not lost touch with simple things?

PERSONAL

With compliments to the Personal Column of The Times

OUR PRIZE PUZZLE. Everybody trying it! Half the nobility (the older half) driven mad by it. Greatest puzzle since Noah. No solution possible. Guaranteed absolutely insoluble. Write for full particulars: How To Make Both Ends Meet, Pudding Lane, near Bread Street, E.C.

Y NOT B A GOOD BOY? Try it this year. Delightful amusement. Mind your P's and Q's. G up.

ARE YOU a Napoleon, an Isaac Newton, a Shakespeare, a Fatty Arbuckle, a Plato, a Carpenter, a Darwin, a Charlie Chaplin, or a Lloyd George? If not, why not? Apply our Mental Hot Stuff to your cranium twice a day. Full particulars in our illustrated brochure, "The Two-Minute Brain Drill," post free. Write Grey, Matter, & Bumps, Braintree, Essex.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. Formamint.

HOW TO KEEP IT. Pocket Money.

C.N. Are these your favourite initials? They stand for the future, and make the present enjoyable. Drop these columns in the post, and they carry pleasure far and wide.

The Lost Babies

OVER sixty thousand babies died in the United Kingdom last year without seeing their first birthday. Half of them need not have died.

Crazy Rulers

WHEN thieves fall out honest men come by their own.

It is not less true that when the holders of the highest offices begin to tell the truth about one another, common folk discover what poor creatures they generally are. A book Bismarck wrote about the Kaiser, which is only now being read, writes William Hohenzollern down as an egregious ass.

Bismarck was a much greater criminal than the Kaiser. He deliberately made wars and strengthened national hatreds, and as a statesman he was a complete failure, for the Empire he created lasted less than fifty years. But he was a man who could judge character, and he judged the Kaiser's without pity—after the Kaiser had dismissed him.

What a disturbing thought that vain, flighty, almost crazy rulers can bring such misery upon the world!

Tip-Cat

MR. WELLS says there is very little looting in Petrograd. There is not much left to loot.

THE price of sweets is going down. Look out for the toffee drop.

"I AM entirely in the hands of my superiors," says Mr. Winston Churchill. Can they hold him?

THE field of learning: a wiseacre.

THE Kaiser's friend Tino seems to have jumped out of the frying-pan into the Greece.

ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT wants to know what is the use of battleships. Depends on what you are trying to do.

GUIDE for a gymnast: an exercise book.

MR. THOMAS thinks Parliament is over-worked. It is always getting run down.

IN view of the world shortage of everything could

not the League of Nations arrange for a League of Rations?

IT is two years since peace broke out. And nobody seems able to break it in.

Worth While

IT has been pointed out that the League of Nations costs Great Britain £50,000 a year.

May we point out that if it saves only one threat of war in a year it will save that money for us ten times over? And £50,000, in any case, was the cost of the war for just one minute.

It is worth while to set aside the cost of ten minutes of war to build up a hundred years of peace.

Poems of Peter Puck

Piggy-Wiggy

WHAT a sordid old rascal this Age is!

For who is there here will refute Its contention that work is but Wages

And life a vast Labour Dispute? I would far rather be, say, a bunny, Or even a nice little crab, Than believe that man's joy lies in money

And his hands were made only to grab.

IF it wasn't for boys playing cricket, And girls saying "Let us pretend,"

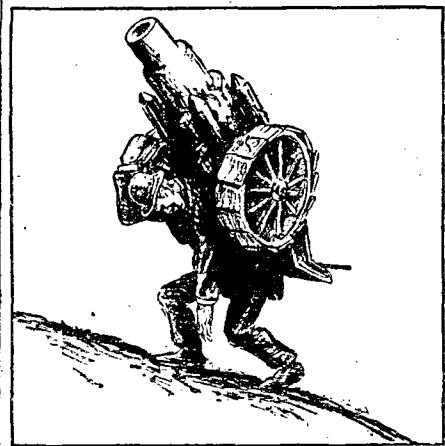
I am sure I should ask for a ticket To the land that begins at World's End:

But so long as the children are laughing

And babes in their prams do not scoff,

I shall say to the Grown-Ups "You're chaffing!"

And keep my feet out of the trough.



The Taxpayer's Burden

Who wants to go on paying for this?

The Hyde Park Rabbit

By Our Country Girl

EVERY well-read child knows that there are fairies in Kensington Gardens, but how many know there is a real wild rabbit in Hyde Park?

You cannot interview the fairies, because you are not allowed into the Gardens by moonlight, and you have to take Sir James Barrie's word for it that they dance over the Serpentine and chase the dead leaves. On the other hand, you can prove what I say about the rabbit. I first met him on a windy, sunshiny day cropping the grass in that little sanctuary where the fountain splashes and the birds sing so musically that you might almost be in a Kentish orchard.

I was about to ask him if he were any relation to Uncle Remus's friend, or knew the poor fellow that Alice met in Wonderland, when the flustered arrival of a Pekinese sent him bobbing into the shrubs.

Four Things to Do

Four things a man must learn to do If he would make his record true: To think without confusion clearly; To love his fellow-men sincerely; To act from honest motives purely; To trust in God and Heaven securely.

HENRY VAN DYKE

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE SPLENDID FAITH OF THE WORLD'S STUDENTS

The Angel of Human Trust LORD GREY'S PLEA FOR A REAL UTOPIA

In Glasgow 3000 young people from all countries have been attending a conference of the Student Christian Movement, and Earl Grey, the late British Foreign Minister, opened the proceedings.

What these young people of all nations believe is that the world will never be at peace until bad feeling between nation and nation dies out, and frank, unselfish trust binds all men together in friendship.

It is the war inside our hearts between trust and hatred that grows fierce, cruel, and blind, until at last real war, brutal and ruinous, breaks out, thrusts goodness and civilisation backwards, and leaves men poorer in everything that is worth having.

The Student Christian folk have the splendid faith that if we cleanse our hearts of bitterness and jealousy all the tangled difficulties of the nations will straighten out and joy will smile across the world.

And Lord Grey, out of his official wisdom, said the same thing, but said it with the sadness of one who has been involved in a war he could not prevent, and who has fears as well as faith.

Trust Must Replace Hatred

Put into a word or two Lord Grey's message was: "Hatred must cease; its motive is destruction. Trust must take its place."

Later, when the people of Glasgow gave him the freedom of their city, he made a strong plea for supporting the League of Nations, and added to it a terrible warning.

"Some say," he said, "that with a League of Nations there will be no certainty. I am convinced if you have another war in 20 years it will be infinitely worse than the last war, and there will be a certainty that it will destroy the civilisation of Europe. If you will tell me the League of Nations is Utopia, the answer I give is: I prefer the chance of Utopia to the certainty of Destruction."

Those are the grave words of a wise elder statesman who has seen sad things. What the world wants is a glad and firm faith in goodness held by the young, who mean their world to be filled with brightness and kindness, and who will give no quarter to the feuds and hatreds and wrong ambitions that have divided races, nations, and classes.

A new world comes with every new generation of children. All that is needed is that they shall think aright, and the change for good is here.

SEVENTY-FIVE DAYS OUT Barque's Terrific Fight with the Sea

We have come to regard the crossing of the Atlantic as a simple, everyday task. In fact, we speak of the ocean as the Herring Pond.

The normal time taken by a steamship to cross the Atlantic from Norway to America is less than a fortnight, while great modern liners cross from Liverpool to New York in nine days.

What a contrast we get in the story just to hand of the Sirdal, a Norwegian barque that struggled for 75 days—nearly two and a half months—to make a crossing, abandoning her voyage at last, battered and crippled and beaten, with sails blown to ribbons, her crew so worn out by exposure and fatigue that it was impossible for them to navigate the vessel any longer.

We sit at home by a cosy fire and read of this tale of the sea, but no imagination can really picture the heroism of the simple men whose figures fill the canvas.

SHIPWRECKED CHAPLAIN PLAYS THE MAN

THE chaplain lately on board the Spanish steamer Santa Isabel, now a wreck off the rocky island of Salvora, midway between Cape Finisterre and the port of Vigo, deserves a place of honour in the bright story of heroism. For when the last test of all came, and death was almost certain, he "played the man," as our Elizabethan forefathers used to say, and "made a good end."

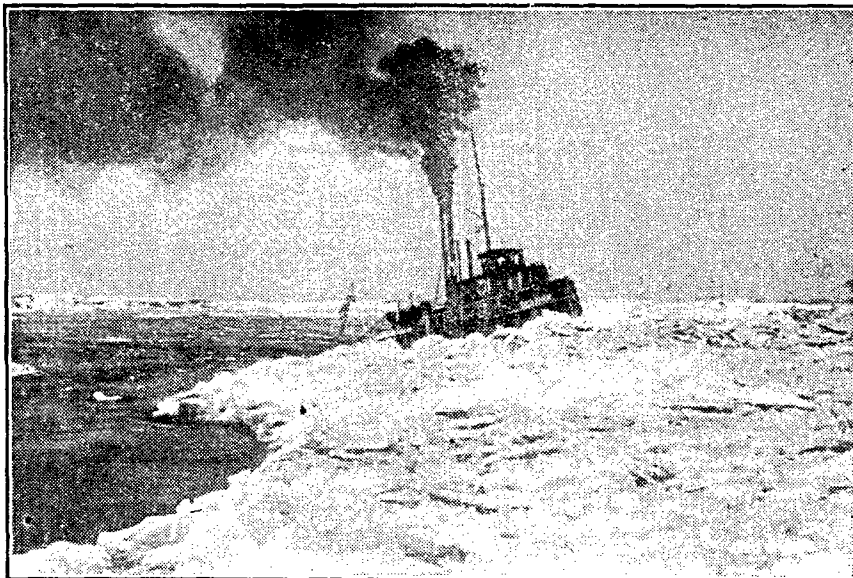
Passengers and crew numbered 270 when the Santa Isabel left Corunna for Vigo, and most of the passengers were asleep below when, in the dead of night, the ship ran on a reef on a dangerous

part of the coast. The end came very quickly, for the sea was now running high. Only one boat, with 30 persons in it, reached the shore, but 26 people were picked up the next day, or reached the shore on wreckage. The drowned numbered 214.

While the ship was breaking up the chaplain climbed the mast, and from it called on the threatened passengers to commit their souls to God's care, continuing his appeals until the ship broke in two and the gallant man perished.

It was a deed worthy of a true poet's lasting song.

KEEPING THE WAY CLEAR INTO EUROPE



The ice-breaker at work in the Elbe



The channel for ships left clear by the ice-breaker

Germany is doing her utmost to become once more a great shipping nation, and one of her clever moves is by means of ice-breakers to keep a way clear into Europe through the ice-blocked Elbe

HONOUR FOR A HERO Life-Saver of the Boys' Brigade

We offer congratulations to Bugler James Price, of the Third Halifax Company of the Boys' Brigade, for a gallant deed that has won him the Royal Humane Society's certificate on vellum, and the Boys' Brigade Cross for heroism.

A little lad of eight years of age was throwing stones into the River Calder when, overbalancing, he fell in. He must have been badly stunned as he reached the river, for he failed to rise to the surface.

James Price, a boy of 13, immediately plunged in, dived, and brought the little fellow up. The embankment is very steep, but Price managed to scramble up it with the rescued boy, who has since recovered. *Picture on page 12*

FIRST WOMAN CANDIDATE End of a Brave Career

Miss Mary Macarthur, who died recently, was well known in connection with the Women's Labour Party.

She had the distinction of being the first woman candidate chosen to represent any political party, for she contested Stourbridge in 1918.

Hers was a life of bravery and devotion to what she believed a great cause. One of her earliest achievements was the organisation of the women chain-makers of the Black Country, with whom, at the time, the conditions of employment and payment approached a scandal. She rallied them with fine spirit, and succeeded in putting the industry on a better footing.

Since then she has been a tireless worker, and has striven to establish the true rights of women in industry.

GERMANY ON THE SEA

BUILDING UP A NEW MERCHANT NAVY Fighting the Great Ice Barrier THE PEACE WAY TO PROSPERITY

There is only one sure road to wealth and prosperity, and that is by way of peace and friendly trading between nation and nation. This is what we are all more and more coming to realise, and the best minds in Germany see it too.

There is probably no result of her great defeat that Germany feels more keenly than the loss of her proud position as a great shipping nation. In 1914 she owned over five million tons of shipping, or more than three times as much as the next nearest European power, Norway; but such a comparison does not give a true idea of Germany's position, for of her total tonnage over four millions consisted of steamships, whereas Norway had not more than a million tons of steamers.

Britain's Twenty Million Tons

Germany was also adding to her shipping at the rate of a thousand vessels a year with a tonnage of over half a million. Of course Great Britain was far ahead, with over twenty million tons of shipping, of which less than a million consisted of sailing vessels.

Now, after the war, according to Germany's latest figures all the tonnage she has available is 419,000 tons—that is less than the quantity she was actually adding to her fine merchant fleet each year, or a thirteenth of her pre-war fleet. What a fall for a proud nation!

But Germany is very anxious to regain her place in the world's trade routes, and to this end is exerting every effort of which she is capable. Her shipyards are getting busy, and she hopes in the near future to add 200,000 tons of peace shipping to her existing marine. She is also chartering vessels belonging to foreign companies.

Reaching Out to All the World

Already she has established a series of regular steamship services to different parts of the world—to South and West Africa, to North and South and Central America, to the East Indies, and to most European countries. In fact, the only parts of the world which she does not yet seem to be reaching are East Africa, Australasia, and the Far East.

Her recovery as a shipping nation is very wonderful. All classes of her people are being urged to help in building up a great mercantile marine, and it is explained, as an incentive, that in pre-war days her shipping, in dockyard hands and seamen alone, employed 175,000 men.

As an example of how Germany is stirring herself it may be mentioned that she has just established huge ice-breakers in the estuary of the Elbe to smash up the ice and keep a clear passage always open for shipping. This new move is of the greatest importance to her merchant service.

Urgent Need of Coal

Her principal difficulty at the present time lies in obtaining coal in sufficient quantities to supply all her ships, but this is chiefly due to the fact that her shipping has made such an amazing recovery that the provision of ships outstrips the provision of coal.

She is even attempting in many instances to adapt former warships to commercial purposes, certainly a very welcome sign, and it is to be hoped that, having learned the lesson that war never pays, she will direct her energies to consolidating the peace and building up a new prosperity based entirely on the sure foundation of peace.

Meanwhile Britain is not behindhand, and the Cunard Company is building 23 new vessels totalling more than 300,000 tons. *Pictures in next column*

A LONELY BOY IN AUSTRALIA

The Postmaster-General Appeals to the C.N.

WHO WILL WRITE TO MILTON EWING?

The Postmaster-General is a very busy man. He has to see that millions of letters are properly delivered every day. He has to look into thousands of complaints, and deal with thousands of grumbling people, and he has the biggest army of working people in the United Kingdom, and however glad we are to grumble, the Postmaster-General manages his business wonderfully well.

In Australia is a little boy who does not know how busy a P.M.G. can be, and on November 15, 1920, he sat in his home in Sydney, and wrote this letter:

To the Postmaster-General, London.
DEAR SIR, Will you kindly find a nice little boy in London between eleven and thirteen years whom I could write to? Would you please send me his name and address? I am 12½ years old. Yours truly, MILTON EWING

This letter came across the world, and found the Postmaster-General busy at St. Martin's-le-Grand, but not too busy was this great man to send on this little note with his compliments to the Editor of the C.N., "who can perhaps meet the request."

Was that not rather nice of the P.M.G.? And would it not be rather nice if one or two C.N. boys would write to Milton Ewing, and tell him all about London, or Manchester, or Liverpool, or Birmingham, or whatever city they may live in, and so help to build up that spirit of friendship which alone can hold together our British commonwealth?

Milton's address is St. Bees, Russell Street, Watson's Bay, New South Wales, Australia, and we hope he may have a jolly post-bag six weeks from now.

THE BABY AT THE PANTOMIME

Why He Should Not Go

Why cannot babies be taken to see the pantomimes? is a question that has been asked in London this season.

Most theatres will not admit infants in arms. A few do not object.

There are two reasons against babies being taken to public gatherings. One of these holds good against the baby at the pantomime, and the other does not.

The first reason is that crowded public meetings are not healthy places for babies.

The second reason is that babies are apt to be noisy, and so distract attention and interrupt pleasure. But that matters less at a pantomime than at any entertainment, for noise is a frequent feature of the performance, and a baby here and there will make little difference.

The real objection is the unsuitableness of crowds, the bad air, and excitement that cannot be understood, for very young children.

THE NEW BRITISH FLAG

Union-Jack on an Azure Ground

The King has just approved of the new ensign for the Royal Air Force which now flies from the flagstaff on the roof of the Air Ministry in Kingsway. The ensign is a lovely thing of azure blue, with the familiar red, white, and blue circles that distinguish the English military aircraft on the right-hand side of the flag, and the Union Jack in the top left-hand corner. *Picture on page one*

A YARN BY THE CHIEF SCOUT

IN the time of Queen Elizabeth the Spaniards were a very rich and powerful nation with a strong navy.

Their King Philip, like the Kaiser, became swollen-headed, and started to bring Europe under his sway.

But Queen Bess was not taking any nonsense if she could help it. Although she had not a big navy she had some splendid seamen to work for her, and Hawkins was one of the bravest.

In 1567, after his successful expedition to the West Indies, when he sold his 400 slaves to the planters in spite of King Philip's orders, Hawkins started another expedition of the same kind with three vessels, the *Jesus*, the *Minion*, and the *Judith*. The *Judith* was the property of a young seaman-owner named Francis Drake.

Bluffing the Spaniards

Hawkins got his slaves all right on the West Coast of Africa, took them across the Atlantic, and sold them successfully in the West Indies. When he was starting for home he got in a hurricane near Cuba, and his ship was so badly strained that he had to put into a Spanish port to repair her. So he went into San Juan de Ulloa with his little fleet and moored his ships along the outer wall of the harbour.

The very next day a Spanish fleet which had been sent out to capture him under Admiral de Hacan turned up. It consisted of thirteen galleons and frigates. While it was still outside the harbour Hawkins put some of his men and guns on shore on the wharf at the harbour's mouth and sent off a boat to tell the Spanish admiral that he was in possession of the place, and could only allow him to come in if he agreed to do so peacefully.

Sailing for Home

Pretty good check, wasn't it, when he only had three vessels against the Spanish thirteen—and a Spanish town behind him, too! However, the admiral promised to be peaceful, and brought his fleet to anchor opposite.

Three days later, when all was quiet and the men were at dinner or ashore, the *Minion* suddenly found a big Spanish man-of-war drawing up to her, so she opened fire, drove off three hundred boarders after hand-to-hand fights, cut her cable, got her sails up hurriedly, and put to sea.

The *Judith* sailed off after the *Minion*, but the *Jesus*, being under repair, could not get away. Hawkins and his crew, though heavily bombarded by the Spanish fleet and attacked by fire ships, stuck to their guns and fought desperately till their ship was on fire. Then they took to their boats, and by some extraordinary luck managed to get away and rejoin the other

ships, and so most of them escaped. This was in September, 1568. In December the *Judith* reached England, and Drake took the bad news up to London. The *Minion*, with Hawkins on board, became delayed by storms, and, weak-handed through sickness, she had to put into Vigo, a port in Spain. Here she fortunately found some other British ships, and so she was able to get fresh food and men, and finally got back to Penzance in January, 1569.

So this fifteen months' expedition of Hawkins's ended in total failure. But he was one of those beggars who stick to it and won't say die till they're dead. He was furious with the Spaniards for their treachery, and he wanted also to rescue from their prisons the British sailors who had fallen into their hands. He had no idea of giving up because he had got the worst of it this time.

The Crafty Admiral

Three years after his defeat at San Juan, Hawkins found a way to get his seamen released from their Spanish prisons, and at the same time he was able to do a pretty bad turn to the King of Spain, who was planning to invade England. There were a lot of discontented men in England then, as there are now, always howling against the government, and Philip thought that if he could land an army on our shores these men would join him. Hawkins heard this, and pretended to be one of the discontented. He sent a man to the King of Spain offering to help with ships if he would release his sailors from Spanish prisons.

But Philip was a crafty old bird, and was not too ready to fall into the trap. He was at that time plotting with Mary Queen of Scots about attacking England, so he said that if Hawkins were really on his side he must get Queen Mary to write a letter about it.

Hoodwinking an Enemy

By a little persuasion Hawkins got her to write recommending the release of his sailors. When his messenger got back to Philip at Madrid with this he found everybody openly preparing for an attack on England.

Till then nobody in England knew for certain whether Spain really meant to attack, but now the King released all the prisoners and gave them a present of ten dollars each, and made Hawkins a Lord of Spain and sent him £40,000 to help him to fit out ships with which to help the invasion.

So Hawkins saved his seamen from the awful life under torture in Spanish dungeons, he pocketed £40,000, and was able to warn Queen Elizabeth and the country of the whole plot against them.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

THE WHITE BLACKBIRD IN THE PARK

LITTLE more than a year ago we noted the appearance of a white house martin in the Isle of Wight, and of another in Richmond Park. Now a white blackbird, of which the head feathers alone are black, is disporting itself in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park.

The interesting thing about this freak blackbird is that it is said to be descended from blackbirds through which a white strain of feather colouring has been traceable for 40 years. Every few years birds bearing some white feathers have appeared in the Gardens, but none has been so white as this.

It is among blackbirds that white specimens most frequently appear,

though many dark birds are liable to the curious change. One remembers bullfinches, starlings, wheatears, goldfinches, grey parrots, and others where the feathers have been partly white.

The cause of the change is not certain, but we know that it arises from some failure or weakness in the source from which the feather obtains its colour.

There are other ways in which birds' colours vary. If we give a bullfinch too much hemp-seed, its feathers turn black; canaries become orange-coloured if fed on cayenne pepper when young or when moulting. Some birds regain natural colours after a moult; some remain peculiar.

PEASANTS IN POWER

Prime Ministers Who Rose from the Cottage

MEETING IN THE MOUNTAINS

The Prime Ministers of two European countries have risen from the peasant class. They are M. Stambuliski, the Bulgarian Premier, and M. Witos, the Polish Premier.

During their Christmas holidays the two peasant premiers met in the Carpathian Mountains, and, it is understood, talked over their plans for the future.

Bulgaria is a peasant country, the land being owned, to a large extent, in small farms that are worked by the men to whom they belong. Poland, on the other hand, is in many parts owned by landed proprietors, with large estates.

M. Stambuliski, who has seen in Bulgaria the advantages of peasant ownership, is credited with having conceived a scheme whereby all the peasant landowners in Central Europe will unite and give the working peasantry of the different countries more power. He would make a small-farmers' union as a defence against Bolshevism, that would deprive the peasants of their independence, and against the rich who would buy them out.

Men of the Future

Seeing that the people who produce food from the land are engaged in the most needful work that is done in the world, the movements of nations under the influence of peasant-born Premiers become of great interest and may have a vital importance in the future.

M. Stambuliski is not a man to be turned back when he feels compelled to act. He was the one Bulgarian who told the ex-Tsar Ferdinand what he thought of him, and he was imprisoned in consequence; but Bulgaria has welcomed him back as the spokesman of the true national feeling. Such a man may make plans of great importance to all the world and win favour for them.

RETURNING TO BARTER

Oldest Known Method of Trade

The other day a Cabinet Minister suggested that where, owing to the adverse rate of exchange, ordinary buying and selling has become impossible, we might resume business on a basis of barter—that is, the exchange of goods directly without any intervention of money, which is merely intended as a symbol of value.

The substitution of goods for money is growing all over the world, and we are fast approaching a condition of things not unlike that in a newly settled country. Some time ago in an American district the school fee for one quarter was 75 cabbages, a year's subscription to a magazine was two cartloads of pumpkins, and a church fee was actually paid in treacle.

A singer who made a tour round the world agreed to sing in the Society Islands on condition that she received a third of the proceeds realised. When she came to take her share she found that it consisted of three pigs, 23 turkeys, 44 chickens, 5000 coconuts and some bananas, lemons, and oranges.

In Shetland and some other parts of Britain doctors and ministers are sometimes paid in eggs and other produce.

This is really barter, and it is strange that the proudest and most advanced civilisation the world has ever known should now be returning to the practice of the Stone Age, or, at any rate, to the oldest known method of trade.

ANIMAL FRIENDLINESS

A Cheshire correspondent writes: A friend of mine had a cat whose two kittens had been drowned. He also had two puppies whose mother was dead. The cat suckled the puppies, and seemed to think they were its own.

The same cat used to play merrily with some rabbits in the back yard where they were kept.

Here it may be truly said that matter fills the abyss of space and an empty void is unknown. G. F. M.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the
Secret of an Old Ruin

: : Told by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 33

Hank Talks Straight

ADNAN DELMAR went straight to the car.

"Good-morning, Father!" he said, speaking as quietly as if the arrival of his father in his giant car were the most commonplace thing in the world.

"Where's that master of yours?" demanded Mr. Delmar in a voice as big and loud as himself.

"In his study, I expect. You'd better get out, Father, and I'll show you the way."

Delmar Senior got out. In his great fur coat, and with a glossy silk hat upon his big head, he was an imposing figure.

"Just look at him! What a bounder!" whispered Stan to Hank. "No wonder his son is what he is."

Hank was not listening. His eyes were fixed on someone who had just come through the small gate leading up from the master's house.

"Say, there's your father, Stan," he said sharply.

Adnan Delmar, too, caught sight of the headmaster.

"There's Mr. Prynn, Father."

"Ho! that's him, is it? All right, my lad, you leave him to me. I'll tackle him."

His voice carried plainly to the five courts. The boys who were playing stopped their game. Others came hurrying up.

As for Stan, two spots of colour had appeared in his cheeks and his eyes glittered oddly.

"The man's a cad!" he exclaimed, and this time he did not whisper.

Hank caught him by the arm.

"Don't you worry, Stan. I guess your dad can handle him—or a dozen like him, for that matter. You wait and see."

The elder Delmar was now striding across the gravel towards Mr. Prynn. He paid no attention to the boys.

The two met half-way.

"Are you Mr. Prynn?" demanded the stout man, in a loud blustering tone.

"I am, sir. May I ask your name?"

"Phineas Delmar, that's my name. I hear from my son as you've turned him away from your school."

Mr. Prynn's face hardened. He drew himself up to his full height. In his cap and gown he was a fine and dignified figure; and Stan, watching, felt a thrill of pride run through him.

"I have already written to you to that effect," replied the master in a quiet, deliberate voice. "In my letter I have given you the reasons why I consider that your son's presence is no longer good for my school."

Delmar swelled like a turkey-cock, and his dark cheeks went darker still. He glared at the master.

"Your school!" he repeated scornfully. "Mine, you had better say."

Mr. Prynn merely raised his eyebrows.

"I am not deaf," he said mildly. "And might it not be as well if this discussion were conducted in private? It is not very edifying for my pupils."

"Anyone is welcome to hear what I've got to say!" bellowed Delmar. "It'll show 'em the sort o' master they've got. You—that I could break between my finger and thumb!"

This was a bit too much for Hank. He dropped Stan's arm and stepped forward.

"See here, sir, I'd like you to know we boys are mighty well satisfied with our master, and we don't care to hear you roaring at him like a bull in his own school-yard. I'd advise you to tone it down a bit, or maybe your school will put you outside."

"We jolly well will, too!" cried young Chester, who had just come up with Willoughby and Hume. There were a dozen more behind them, and it was quite clear that every one of them was game to back Hank to the last ounce.

The elder Delmar swung round on Hank. Hank never stirred an inch, but stood looking squarely at the angry man. Stan, too, was beside him, and it was quite clear that it only needed a spark to start such an explosion as the grey old walls of Storr Royal had not seen in a hundred years.

Mr. Prynn stepped forward.

"That will do, boys. I am very much obliged to you, but I think you can safely leave me to manage this gentleman."

The quiet emphasis he put on the last word brought a grin to many of the boys' faces.

Adnan Delmar caught his father by the arm.

"Do what Mr. Prynn says, Father," he said, under his breath. "Go to his study with him. Can't you see you are only making trouble for me as well as for yourself?"

It was odd how these words affected the elder Delmar. He seemed to wilt at once. He took out a large red silk handkerchief and passed it over his face.

"All right, Adnan," he said, in a sulky sort of voice. "I don't want to make trouble for you. I'll go along with Mr. Prynn and talk this business over with him."

"Then come this way, if you please, Mr. Delmar," said Mr. Prynn, with icy politeness, and led the way back towards his own house. The two Delmars followed.

The three were hardly out of earshot before babel broke loose. Everyone was talking at once.

"What did he mean about its being his school?" demanded Chester angrily. "What's he talking about?"

"We ought to have chucked him out as soon as he started," chimed in Willoughby. "Did you ever see such a bounder? Now we know why Delmar is what he is."

If Webster or any of the rest had a word for Delmar they certainly dared not open their mouths to say it. Nine boys out of ten of those present were simply boiling.

Hank turned to Stan.

"Guess there was something, after all, in what young Delmar told Caffyn that night at the Science Room window," he said, in a low voice. "It's plain as a pikestaff that those Delmars have got some sort of a strangle-hold on your dad. How do you reckon they've managed it?"

Stan shook his head.

"It beats me, Hank," he answered very gravely. "And I don't know how I'll find out either."

"Don't you worry, old son. I guess Bee's going to help us on that job. Tisn't a lot your sister misses, and you can bet your boots she's wise to this shindy already."

"I hope she won't miss this," replied Stan. "Anyhow, I'll go down after dinner and see what she's got to say."

CHAPTER 33

The Boys Decide

DINNER was a queer meal that day. Everyone talked in whispers. A curious air of suspense seemed to brood over the school. Adnan

Delmar was in his accustomed place, and his face was as impassive as ever. But Mr. Prynn, who usually occupied the big chair at the head of the top table, was not there, and Mr. Astley took his place.

"Has Delmar's father left?" asked Stan of Hank.

Hank, who had been waiting outside till the last minute, nodded.

"I guess so," he said. "Anyway, the car's gone."

"Good job for him," said Stan grimly. "There wouldn't have been a lot left of him, or the car either, if he'd come through the quad again when the chaps were about. I don't believe that all the masters in the place could have held them."

Dinner over, the boys trooped out.

"I'm going to look for Bee. You coming, Hank?" said Stan.

Hank hesitated.

"Guess not!" he said; and Stan merely nodded and went on.

He knew Hank—knew the real delicacy hidden behind his queer speech and abrupt ways. This was a family affair, so Hank thought, and he would not intrude into it.

As Stan walked round the garden gate he noticed that the bright sunlight of the morning was gone. Clouds were moving up across the sky, and a chill wind fluttered the dead leaves of the big elms into rustling heaps.

There was no need to whistle. Bee was there already.

"I knew you'd come, Stan," were her first words; and Stan noticed at once that she had been crying, or something very near it.

But he didn't say so, for he knew how Bee hated to let anyone think that she ever gave way to tears.

Stan kissed her.

"You've heard all about the business this morning. I can see that," he said.

"Yes, Dad told us. I say, Stan, that was fine of Hank to speak as he did."

"Old Hank's a topper!" said Stan briefly. "But what's happened since, old thing?"

Bee's face fell.

"It's dreadful, Stan! That awful man owns the mortgage on the school!"

"What? You mean he's the one that Father borrowed all that money from?"

"Yes; but Father didn't know it. Mother says he borrowed it from a firm called Lucas. Now it seems that Lucas is really Delmar."

Stan gave a dismayed whistle.

"This is the mischief and all, Bee! Then you mean that Delmar's father was right when he said the school was his?"

"Not quite that, but very near it. But Father owes him more money than he can possibly pay off at once, and this dreadful man says that he's got either to let his son off and not make him leave the school, or else pay up all the money with the interest on it at—Lady Day, I think it is."

Stan listened in blank amazement. For a moment he seemed unable to speak.

"And—and what did Father say?" he got out at last.

"What a silly question, Stan! You know Dad."

"Y-yes, of course. Of course he wouldn't do it."

"Do it! He told that fat man that it was the most insulting thing that had ever been said to him, and that if he had not already passed sentence on his son he would have expelled him today."

"Then what happened?"

"There was an awful scene! Though I was in the drawing-room and they were in the study, I could hear quite plainly what Mr. Delmar said. He shouted like a bull. 'Then I'll ruin you!' I heard him shout. 'I'll take every penny the law allows me! I'll sell the place over your head, and kick you and your family out into the street!'"

"B-but can he?" gasped Stan. "He can if Father doesn't pay. And it's no use paying part; Father has to pay all."

"Do you know how much it is?"

"About seven thousand pounds, Mother says."

Stan's jaw dropped.

"Seven thousand pounds! That's an awful lot of money, Bee. I say, what can we do?"

"I don't know," answered Bee in a very choky voice.

There was silence for some moments. Stan was the first to break it.

"I'll go and talk to Hank, Bee. He knows a lot more about money than you or I do. He might be able to suggest something."

"Yes, talk to him, Stan," agreed Bee. "Hank's clever about things like this. All the same, I don't know what a boy can do."

Stan slipped his arm round his sister.

"Not a boy, Bee. Two boys and a girl. Remember that."

"That's dear of you, Stan!" said Bee gratefully. "Well, tell me tomorrow what Hank says."

It was full school that afternoon, so there was no football match on. Stan found Hank and carried him off for a walk; then he told him all that he had learned from Bee.

Hank nodded.

"That's quite right, Stan. Lots of money-lenders trade under other names, and if a man holds a mortgage on a place and the debt isn't paid, he can foreclose, as they call it. Then the property has to be sold, and if it doesn't fetch enough to cover the debt I believe the creditor can collar the lot."

"Well," said Stan, "I don't see how Father is ever going to pay seven thousand pounds down next spring. You remember how his bank broke, and he had to borrow money to carry on."

"You bet I remember! That was the day Caffyn got into the ruins, and you chased him to the cliff and—"

Hank stopped short.

"Stan," he said, "I guess there's only one thing to do."

"What's that?"

"Why, do what Caffyn did. Go right down into the ruins and find what he and Delmar were after. I'll lay it's something worth while."

Stan stared at his friend, but Hank's face was deadly set and serious. Quite clearly he meant every word he said.

"All right," said Stan briefly. "I'm game!"

TO BE CONTINUED

The Son of Tarzan

by

EDGAR RICE
BURROUGHS

The best of all the Tarzan stories. It tells of the thrilling adventures of Tarzan's son among the savage animals of the jungle

BOYS'
CINEMA

WEEKLY PRICE 2d.

Five-Minute Story

Killing a Wolf

"WHICH is the best way to kill a wolf?" asked Jacques one summer in 1709.

Wolves were very plentiful then in France. On still nights the little lad could hear them howling in the woods all around their home.

Jacques's father laughed.

"The best way to kill a wolf!" he repeated. "My son, there is only one way. Push your hand down the animal's throat till you reach his tail, pull his tail through his mouth, and the deed will be done."

"Thank you, my father!" said the little boy gravely. "I shall remember."

Not long after, Jacques's parents were visiting a friend one afternoon when a message arrived for the servant, saying that her mother lay very ill in a neighbouring village. Marie did not like to leave Jacques, but he begged her to go, and said he would mind his baby sister.

The baby was much younger than Jacques, and he was devoted to her. Marie felt she could trust her quite safely to his care. So away she went.

Baby was asleep in her cradle; the empty house after a while seemed very quiet and dull to the little boy. So he carried baby, cradle and all, out to the garden; it seemed less lonely out there in the sunshine, with the birds singing all round them.

Jacques sat peacefully on the lawn, reading, and giving the cradle a gentle rock from time to time.

But all unknown to the tranquil pair the fierce green eyes of an enemy were watching them from the thickets.

There was a stir in the bushes, and Jacques lifted his eyes, to see a huge wolf leap the fence, and come bounding towards them.

In a frenzy of protecting courage Jacques met the enemy in mid-gallop. Down the cavernous gape of the open jaw he thrust his hand and arm as far as he could reach, and held them there. In a flurry of struggling limbs they fell, overturning the cradle on the ground; but Jacques still maintained his hold—for ages, it seemed to him, for barely two minutes in reality.

All of a sudden the wolf's struggles ceased, the baby's cries grew fainter in Jacques's ears, and he knew no more.

When he came to his senses he was lying with his head on his mother's knee. He raised himself on one elbow, exclaiming two words only, "Bébé, Maman?"

"Safe, my dear one, thanks to thee," said his mother.

His eyes fell on the prostrate wolf, from whose dead body he had been plucked a few minutes ago, not without difficulty, for his arm was still firmly fixed between its jaws.

Jacques's face broadened into a smile of satisfaction.

"I must have got it, then, though I thought I should never find it," said he.



It is Good to be Merry and Wise



D! MERRYMAN

FOOTE, the great wit, dined at an inn, and at the close of the meal received the bill from the proprietor. "Your name is Partridge, is it not?" said Foote.

"Yes," replied the host.

"Partridge!" exclaimed Foote. "It ought to be Woodcock, judging by the length of your bill."

What Are They Doing?



Can you see what the children in these pictures are doing? Solution next week

Our Cousins Across the Sea

CALIFORNIA and Missouri.
Massachusetts and Mrs. Sippi.
Neb. Raska and Ida Ho.
Conn. Necticut and Louise E. Anna.
Y. O. Ming and Florrie Da.
Ken Tucky and Della Ware.
O. Hio and Minnie Sota.
George Ya and Mary Land.
Wash. Ingtion and Illa Nois.
Al Aska and Carrie Lina.
O. Klahoma and Allie Bama.

Look at your map of the United States and see if you can find these merry people.

The Problem of the Legs

IN comes two legs carrying one leg, which he lays on three legs. Out goes two legs. Up jumps four legs and runs off with one leg. Back comes two legs, snatches up three legs, and throws it after four legs, to get back one leg.

What does this all mean?

Solution next week

WHAT number becomes fourteen pounds by adding two letters? One—stone.

The Best Times

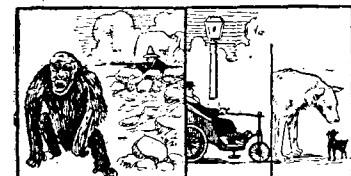
WHEN old folks they wuz young like us
An' little as you an' me—
Them wuz the best times ever wuz
Er ever goin' to be!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Words That May Be Confused



Dairy Diary Dragon Dragoon



Gorilla Guerilla Impotent Impudent

The pairs of words given here are often confused in conversation in spite of their different spellings and entirely different meanings.

Do You Live in Eastcheap?

IN many English cities and towns there are streets with names like Cheapside and Eastcheap. These were in the past, even if they are not now, busy market streets, with shops, and the names are derived from an Anglo-Saxon word Ceap, meaning trade. Later, cheap was a market.

A Simple Trick

HERE is a mystifying trick which will be found quite simple when you know how it is done.

Ask a friend to write down a number of three figures, and then to write down the same figures in reversed order. You must not know what these figures are. Now ask your friend to subtract the smaller number from the larger, and to tell you the first figure only of the answer.

When you know this you will be able to give your friend the complete answer.

This is how it is done:

We will say your friend put down 259 at first. This number reversed is 952. The difference between these two numbers is 693.

No matter what number is put down, unless the digits are all alike, such as 333, when the answer would be 0, the second figure from the end must be nine, and the first and third figures must, when added, make 9.

So you will see that if someone says the first number is 5, the answer must be 594, the second figure being 9, and the first and third figures together making 9.

If you are ever told that the first figure is 0, then the answer must be 0, but if the first figure is 9 then the answer must be 99.

WHAT word of ten letters can be spelt with five?
Expediency—X-P-D-N-C.

There was a Young Girl of Dalrymple



THERE was a young girl of Dalrymple

Who determined she would have a dimple;

She went for a week

With a plect in her cheek,

But the only result was a pimple.

A Doubtful Economy

A BUSINESS expert who was visiting an office remarked to the manager that he was very glad to see that he had engaged so many new men since he had installed the expert's system.

"Oh, yes!" replied the manager. "I engaged them to look after the system."

A GOOD round somersault: an apple turnover.

Authors' Names

EACH of the following represents the name of a well-known author. Do you know them?

A lion's house dug where there is no water.

A tall man whose name begins with fifty.

A young domestic animal.

A worker in precious metals.

Answers next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Does This Mean? Contents

Is Your Name Here? Lancelot and Hilda

A Wonderful Flower-Pot

Venus's looking-glass, love-in-idleness, stocks, marvel of Peru, periwinkle, honesty, pink, thrift, narcissus.

Who Was He?

The Wise Sculptor was Socrates

Jacko Caught Bending

MRS. JACKO put down the letter she was reading at breakfast and gave a big sigh.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked Father Jacko, giving his egg such a sharp tap that the shell collapsed and a tiny yellow stream trickled down to his plate.

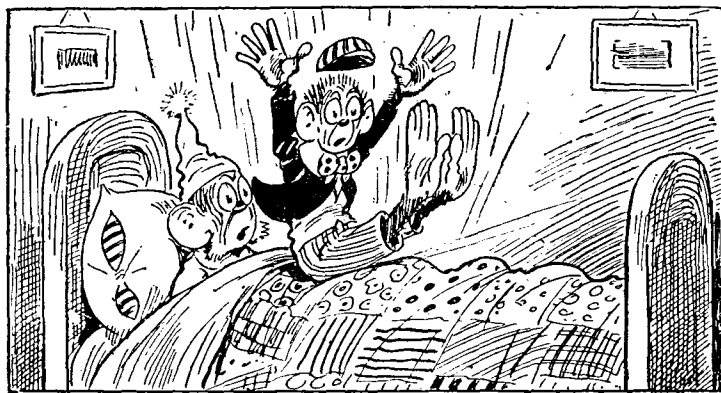
"Ha, ha!" laughed Jacko, highly amused.

His father looked at him severely, and asked again: "What's the matter, my dear?"

"I can't bear to think of Grandfather ill and all alone in that big house," said Mrs. Jacko. "If Baby weren't ill, I'd go myself and look after him."

But Baby was ill—he had caught a terrible cold—and when he wasn't coughing, poor mite! he was crying for his Mammy.

"It's so dull for him," said Mother Jacko. "Now, if he



Jacko sat heavily on Grandpa's chest

only had someone to read to him, it wouldn't be so bad."

"He couldn't hear if they did," said Jacko; "he's as deaf as a post."

"Jacko," exclaimed his mother, suddenly turning on him, "I wonder if you could look after your Granddad for a bit?"

"But I shouldn't know what to do," said Jacko.

"You wouldn't have to do anything but amuse him," said his mother.

So Jacko went. He sat down at the side of the bed, and said politely that he hoped Grandfather was feeling better. Grandfather took no notice, but fired off a string of questions about the family.

Jacko answered as well as he could; but it was hard work, for the old gentleman was deafener than ever.

When Jacko said "Baby's not well," Grandfather started up and shouted: "Fallen down a well, do you say?" He got so agitated that Jacko leaned over and bawled: "He's got a cold."

"I'm not surprised," said Grandfather. "It's a mercy he's alive! But you needn't shout at me like that. I wonder if you could read the paper to me."

So Jacko sat down obediently and began. He read a column and a half of police news—it was Jacko's choice—and then discovered that Grandfather had fallen asleep.

With a beautiful smile Jacko flung down the paper and looked round for something to do. The first thing he noticed was a trap-door over the bed.

"Loft, I suppose," thought Jacko. "Wonder what's in it."

It was impossible to get to it without disturbing Grandfather, so he wandered off to see if there was another opening.

There was, and Jacko was up and inside in a twinkling. But the loft was dusty and dirty and quite empty, and Jacko was turning to go back when he spotted the other trap-door.

"Wonder if the old chap's still asleep," he murmured. He lifted the door, threw it back, and leaned over.

But he leant too far, lost his balance—and the next moment he was sitting heavily on Grandpa's chest!

Ici on Parle Français



Le bateau-feu La girafe La stèle

Le bateau-feu éclaire les matelots
Les girafes n'aiment pas le froid
Les stèles surmontent les tombes



Le cimier Une autruche La planche

C'est le cimier du Prince de Galles
L'autruche fournit de belles plumes
Osez-vous marcher sur cette planche?

Notes and Queries

What does R.I.C. mean?
Royal Irish Constabulary, the principal police force in Ireland.

What is a Tontine Society? A society in which the members share an annuity on the principle that at the death of each his share goes to the survivors. Eventually the last member takes the whole of the money.

What is a Chautauqua? A summer school established in connection with home studies. The term arose in America, where the movement is very widespread and popular, the first centre of its kind being formed at Chautauqua, in New York, which gave it its name.

ABC Stories

The Umbrella

U STANDS for umbrella—the umbrella that Nancy found in the hall-stand.

It was the only one there, or she would never have taken it, for it was frightfully heavy and difficult to manage, especially on a windy day.

"I know I shall have a job with it," she said to herself, opening the door and peeping out.

It was raining fast. Nancy looked at the rain, and she looked at her frock, and then she stepped out boldly.

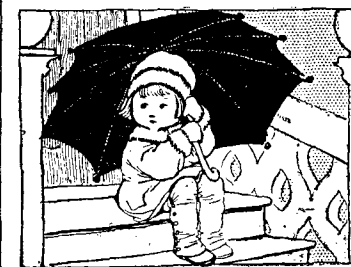
The rain fell and the wind blew. It came in gusts, and it blew the heavy umbrella this way and that till Nancy's arms ached, and she began to wish she had not been so silly. But you can't be vain without being silly, and Nancy was very vain.

She wanted to wear her new frock, you see, and she was terribly afraid the rain would spoil it. Of course she could have put on her mackintosh with its little hood, and been warm and dry and comfortable, but that would have hidden her pretty frock.

She struggled on till she came to the end of the road. And then she turned the corner. And round the corner came the wind with terrific force. It took Nancy's breath away. It almost took the umbrella, too.

Suddenly there was a loud crack—the umbrella blew inside out, and collapsed!

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" cried a voice behind her, and up came an old lady in a



It was frightfully heavy

huge cloak. She was carrying an umbrella almost as big as Nancy's.

It was old Mrs. Lovelace, who lived next door.

"Come, child!" she said. "Come close to me. Pull my cloak round you. It's big enough for two."

Indeed it was, and Nancy was thankful enough to creep into it out of the rain, which now came teeming down.

"Keep close, child—keep close," said the old lady, "or you will be drenched to the skin in that thin frock. Stupid frock for weather like this!" she added.

Something in her voice made Nancy glance up. Did she guess? And would she tell Mother?

But the old lady met her inquiring look with such a kindly twinkle that Nancy felt sure she would not.

And she never did.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

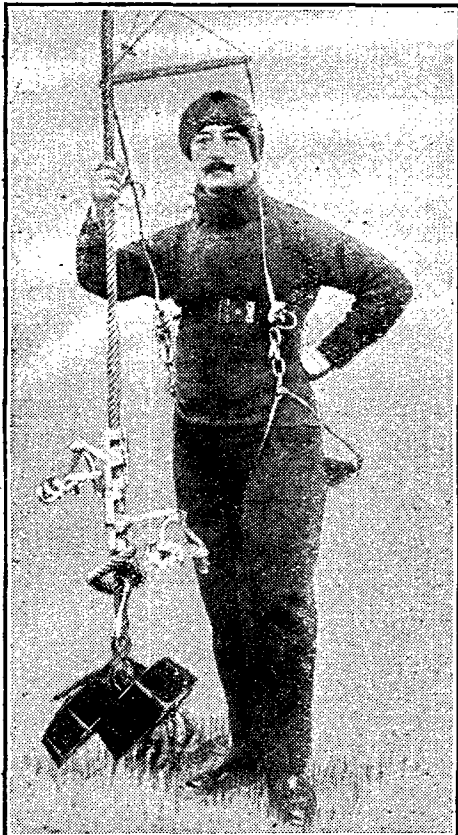
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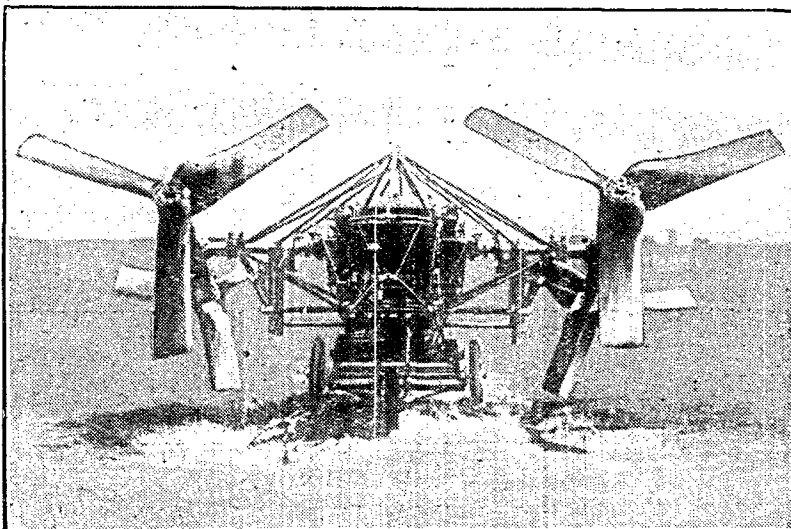
HUMAN SPIDER • AEROPLANE WITHOUT WINGS • BOY CHALLENGES THE WORLD



Climbing Up the Eiffel Tower—A French soldier, Paul Cans, has invented an apparatus by which anyone can pedal up a vertical rope. Here he is climbing at the Eiffel Tower. See page one



The Human Spider—Monsieur Paul Cans, the disabled French soldier, with the ingenious apparatus he has just invented for climbing up a vertical rope. See page one



Machine that may Revolutionise Flying—The members of a Chicago family of inventors have just produced this aeroplane which, without wings and by the aid of two pairs of propellers revolving in opposite directions, can rise vertically at great speed and be guided like an ordinary aeroplane



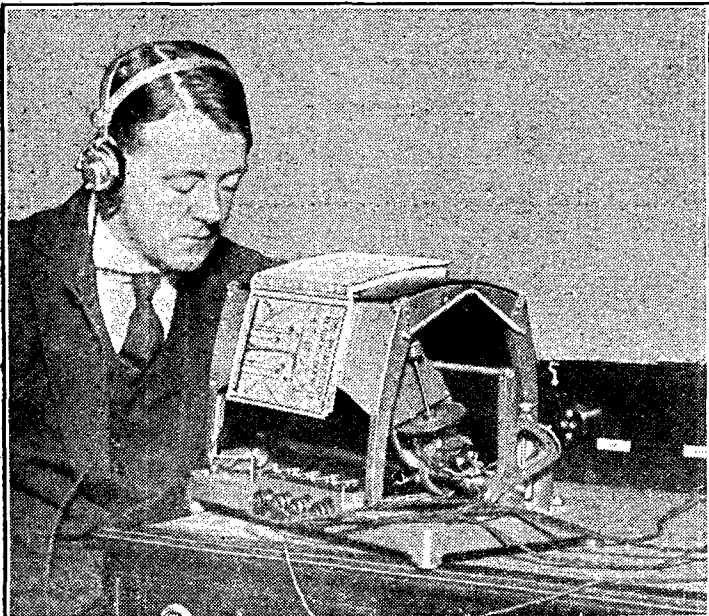
A Miniature Bride and Bridegroom—At a children's fancy dress party held recently in London in aid of the Waifs and Strays, the first prize was won by these little people dressed up to represent a bride and bridegroom. The "bride" was attended by a page, and the "happy couple" created much amusement



A Perambulator for the ice—In Switzerland perambulators like this one are being used, the wheels being replaced by runners, which can be pushed quite easily over the ice and snow



Boy Athlete Challenges the World—George Edwards of Manchester, who, though only nine years of age, has challenged any boy under 16 to a walking contest of 25 miles



Blind Man Reads an Ordinary Book—This blind man is reading a book of ordinary print, not by sight, but by means of the optophone, an instrument, already described in the C.N., which turns printed words into sounds



A Hero of the Boys' Brigade—Bugler James Price, of the Third Halifax Company of the Boys' Brigade, who has been awarded the Royal Humane Society's certificate for saving a small boy from drowning in the River Calder and climbing with him up the steep embankment shown on the right. See page seven

